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# The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature

NUMBER 811 } SEVENTEENTH YEAR  
VOL. XXVIII

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N.Y., as required by Act of Congress of March 3, 1891.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

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A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts.  
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# The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

LONDON  
FOR SALE BY  
B. F. STEVENS  
4 TRAFALGAR SQ.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897

## What the French Novelists are Doing\*

GEORGES OHNET, who, I may say in passing, has recently published a characteristic story entitled "Le Curé de Favières," has also had recourse to the fascinating name of the French capital for the designation of his next novel. "Le Roi de Paris," on which he is now busy, is a picture of modern life in France. A play for the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre is also occupying a part of his time.

Octave Mirbeau, also, has been engaged on play-writing, having just finished a piece in five acts—"Les Coeurs Lointains,"—which will be put on the stage next winter. At the present moment he is at work on "Vaines Semences," a story destined for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Towards the end of the year he will bring out "Le Jardin des Supplices," a richly got up volume containing thirty lithographs by Auguste Rodin, and "Les Mémoires d'une Femme de Chambre," which has already appeared in a fragmentary form in the *Écho de Paris*.

M. Abel Hermant is also engaged simultaneously on stories and plays. He has almost finished "L'Empreinte," in three acts, and has under way a drama in four acts, for which he has not yet found a title, but which he hopes to have ready for the coming season. A few weeks ago M. Hermant gave me this *résumé* of his latest novel, "Les Transatlantiques," which has appeared while I am writing this letter:—

"It is a collection of dialogues forming, however, a complete whole. The story was printed originally in *La Vie Parisienne*, from November of last year to April of this year. It is the fantastic history of an American family in Paris. The father, Jeremy Shaw, who is immensely rich, has married one of his daughters to a Frenchman who, though ruined financially, belongs to the nobility. After some time Mr. Shaw is informed that his son-in-law is getting rather 'wild,' and he comes to Paris, with all the rest of the family, in order to investigate the matter."

Paul Hervieu is still another novelist and dramatist combined. He has now in mind, though the title has not yet been determined upon, a third play for the Théâtre Français, where his latest two pieces were brought out. But his first bit of new work will be "Amitié," a story for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a psychological study written in the same spirit as his two preceding volumes, "L'Armature" and "Écrits par Eux-mêmes." The story which he is writing for Buloz's rival, the *Revue de Paris*, will be called "Peaux Neuves," a tale of character-sketching and sentiment whose action takes place in more mixed and less select circles than those of the first story.

M. Huysmans is putting the final touches to "La Cathédrale," which will appear at the end of the year. It is a sort of sequel and complement to "En Route," which, besides treating of conversions to strict religious observances and the interior life of the Trappists, had much to do with hymns, liturgies and church mysteries. In "La Cathédrale" the picture of the artistic side of Catholicism is completed by bringing before the reader the symbolism of the middle ages, its architecture, colors, stones, fauna, flora, etc., by means of digressions on religious sculpture and painting. In this book, Durtal, installed at Chartres, whose cathedral he describes, proceeds from the Trappist convent of Notre Dame d'Igny to the oblatum in a Benedictine cloister. Chartres serves the purpose of a bridge connecting the two monastic orders. The volume which will complete the trilogy will describe, under the title of "L'Oblat," the life of the Benedictines.

Jules Claretie has just issued in book-form "L'Accusateur," which first came out in the *Annales* under the title of "L'Œil du Mort." He has now in hand a tale of Parisian and political stamp, "La Princesse," which will be rather a pendant to "M. le Ministre." But it is quite another piece of imaginative work which just now monopolizes his attention. I refer to the story he is writing, in which he strives to produce a sort of modern Gil Blas, "who is to move about among all sorts of people, like his illustrious ancestor," M. Claretie remarked to me the other day, "and who is to rub up against all conditions of men. I have seen many such and I wish to say a little about what I have seen. 'Brichanteau' isn't enough."

Paul Bourget and Jules Verne are soon to issue books which are addressed more or less directly to American readers. M. Bourget's "Voyageuses" is composed of short stories and sketches of travel based on observations made in the United States, Greece, Tuscany, Provence, Ireland, etc. M. Bourget is, furthermore, at work on a story of contemporary French society and an analytical study in the form of a tale. Writing recently from his Amiens retreat, Jules Verne said:—

"There will soon appear the first volume of my story 'Le Sphinx des Glaces,' which is, perhaps, of a nature to interest Americans, because it is the continuation of the 'Adventures of A. Gordon Pym' of their grand poet Edgar A. Poe. In fact, it is not only the continuation of that story, but it brings it to an end. I have dedicated it to my American friends. I have also on the stocks a two-volume tale whose scene will be laid throughout the whole United States. It will not be ready, however, for two years to come. And finally I have finished some other volumes which belong to the series of 'Voyages Extraordinaires.'"

M. Ferdinand Fabre has three works in hand—"Le Bercail," "Monseigneur Tulgence," and "On Demande des Professeurs." But in the midst of labor on the first of these he broke down. Writing me not long ago from Fontenay-sous-Bois, he said:—"I am suffering sorely from rheumatism here in the country. My doctor said to me, 'Be off to the fields and rest.' I am now engaged in following his prescription, and after the hard toil over my unfinished tale—'Le Bercail'—I am browsing in the meadows like a worn-out beast."

M. André Theuriet, the new Academician, is very busy this summer on his reception speech for the French Academy. He is engaged, too, on a mystic and rustic story, whose action takes place in a forest. It is to come out in *L'Illustration*.

Mme. Henri Gréville is on the point of issuing a volume entitled "Un Peu de Ma Vie," composed of poetic and literary impressions and souvenirs. She is also writing two stories, both studies of social customs. One will probably be called "Snobs de Province" and the other "Une Aurore." The first is for the *Temps* and the second for the *Revue pour les Jeunes Filles*.

PARIS, AUGUST 1897.

THEODORE STANTON.

## Literature

"American Authors, 1795-1895"

A Bibliography of First and Notable Editions Chronologically Arranged, with Notes. By P. K. Foley. With an Introduction by Walter Leon Sawyer. Boston : Printed for Subscribers.

WHEN ONE SEEKS announced a book that has been needed for many years, he is apt to turn with expectancy and joy to its pages—dipping in here and there, tasting, as it were, its sweets—before settling down to the feast. We confess to some such feeling, when first glancing over the pages of this book. The editor claims for it that it is a "Bibliography of First

\* Concluded from August 28.

and Notable Editions Chronologically Arranged with Notes." We wish to say, at the outset, that, in our opinion, it is not a bibliography. There is an unwritten law in the game of billiards, which is often quoted to new players as a most essential one to keep in mind—namely, that they must first hit the cue ball. We are reminded of this when we state that this is not a bibliography, for in very few cases, if any, is there evidence that the book in question has been in the hands of the compiler, and we venture to lay down the rule, which is generally accepted as self evident, that no bibliography should be called by that name unless it gives (1) an accurate transcription of the title-page, (2) an accurate collation of the pages, and (3) an accurate description of size, binding and other data of importance to the collector or student.

In this book there are numerous errors in dates that would not have occurred if the compiler had had the title-pages before him. One might quote many such instances, but one is sufficient to prove the point. Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord" was issued in 1848, but the title is dated 1849; and his "Maine Woods" in 1863, but the date is 1864. These errors could not have occurred if the books themselves had been in the compiler's hand. The chronological arrangement of books by each author is a good one, but why crowd it with such unimportant details as the first separate edition of poems or stories, or with contributions to the proceedings of learned societies? Such items might be mentioned in the notes, or in an appendix, but surely they ought not to encumber the lists of "First and Notable Editions." Under Longfellow we note, for example, that the "United States Literary Gazette, Boston, 1825-1826, 3 vols.," is given, and not the "Miscellaneous Poems selected from the U. S. Literary Gazette," Boston, 1826—a much more important fact, because of Longfellow's contributions. Again, "The Report of the Proceedings of a Special Meeting of the Mass. Historical Society, Dec. 1859," is of some interest because Longfellow contributed a poem to it, but it belongs properly to Longfellowiana, and not to a list of first editions.

This volume claims to be a list of American authors. We will allow that it is difficult to decide what is a real author, whether this term means anybody who has written a book, or one who has really contributed to and added to our literature. We are somewhat puzzled to decide from this list which of these standards has been followed by the compiler. As we note that all theological, scientific and controversial writers are excluded, as well as all artistic and musical writers, we are led to infer therefrom that the compiler was governed by some principle of selection. If on this principle it was intended to include only those who have added to our literature, the book should have been cut in half, and that half quartered. Of the 300 authors given, over thirty are unknown even by name to the reviewer, who has been acquainted with the writings of his own countrymen for many years. The omissions are most glaring, among them being John S. C. Abbott, Jacob Abbott, H. M. Alden, Charlotte Fiske Bates, Katherine Lee Bates, Margaret Sutton Briscoe, W. C. Brownell, Joel Benton, Lewis Gaylor Clark, Willis Gaylord Clark, Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Charles A. Dana, Emily Dickinson, Rebecca Harding Davis, S. A. Drake, George Cary Eggleston, Henry M. Field, Sidney Howard Gay, Horace Greely, Edward Everett Hale, William H. Hayne, Judge O. W. Holmes, James K. Hosmer, Henry James, Sr., William James, J. Foster Kirk, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Maria Lowell, Charles Henry Lüders, H. W. Mabie, T. L. McConnell, E. S. Martin, William Matthews, Harrison S. Morris, Charles Morris, Mary H. Norris, E. T. Prince, Howard Pyle, M. E. W. Sherwood, Charles H. Shinn, H. M. Stanley, C. A. Stoddard, Bayard Tuckerman, Royal Tyler, "Sam" Ward and Herbert D. Ward.

We have pointed out what this book is not; what it is can be told in a very few words. It is a fairly accurate

check-list of the American authors it includes. It contains, also, much information generally unknown before, and is a step in advance of "Leon's" and "Stone's," but it falls far short of its opportunities. There is still, we believe, ample room for a bibliography of American writers of distinction. Who will undertake it?

#### "Peter the Great"

*By K. Waliszewski. Trans. by Lady Mary Loyd. D. Appleton & Co.*

INTERESTING as was M. Waliszewski's "Catherine the Great," his latest book is even more absorbing. The man who virtually changed the geographical position of Russia, and at the same time kept up the farce of a mock King and a mock Patriarch, indulged in the most indecent and blasphemous buffooneries, and submitted to the indignity of being beaten by his wife's cook, is a lively subject for his biographer; and Peter has here received full justice. The author has spared no research in his effort to give a true account of the events of Peter's reign—his tragic childhood and final triumph over Sophia, his progress through Europe, and the various wars in which the empire became involved; but even more interesting is the vivid picture he presents of the man himself, and the Asiatic people whom he forced into becoming European.

Before Peter's time Russian women lived entirely in the seclusion of the *terem*, and as he could find no other way of getting them out, a ukase settled the matter. They were ordered to hold assemblies, the Tsar himself deciding on the hours and etiquette to be observed; and as his subjects knew nothing of the art of dancing, he undertook to instruct them.

"In the intervals between the dances the partners, male and female, being devoid of conversation, sat apart in dreary silence. The Sovereign could think of no better plan to break the ice than the introduction of a dance during the figures of which the gentlemen kissed the ladies on their lips. And these poor ladies had hard work to appear at all like their fair models in the Parisian salons. They wore hoops, indeed, at the Tsar's assemblies, but they still blackened their teeth!"

Scratch a Tartar and you will find a savage; but it was not necessary to even scratch Peter the Great: he was all savagery. In Königsberg: "Meeting a lady of the Court one day, he stopped her with a sudden gesture, shouting, 'Halt!' in a voice of thunder. Then, taking hold of the watch which hung at her waist, he looked at the hour and departed." As he measured 6 feet 8½ inches, and was broad and fierce-looking in proportion, it is little wonder that the lady halted! In the same town he insisted on seeing a criminal broken on the wheel, and when the authorities demurred on the score of the non-existence of a criminal deserving of such a punishment, the Tsar was astounded. "What, all that fuss about killing a man! Why not take one of the servants of his own suite?" Admiral Golovin, one of his favorites, refused to eat salad because the taste of vinegar made him ill. Peter immediately emptied a great flask of it down his throat. He loved to see people drunk, and at his banquets would enter into theological discussions, and force a huge bumper of brandy down the throat of any ecclesiastic guilty of an error of doctrine. Whereupon the controversialists would sometimes come to blows—to his huge delight. He took part in the most disgraceful processions, in one of which an old man of illustrious family was ordered to parade as a devil. "He refused, and at a word from Peter was seized, stripped naked, a cap with pasteboard horns was put on his head, and he was forced to sit for a full hour on the frozen Neva. He caught a violent fever, of which he died." Peter took a fancy to a mummy in a museum at Copenhagen and showed his intention of appropriating it. The curator referred the matter to his royal master, who sent a polite refusal. "The mummy was an exceptionally handsome one: there was not another like it [even] in Germany. Peter went back to the

Museum, fell on that mummy, tore off its nose, mutilated it in all directions, and then took his departure, saying, 'Now you may keep it.'

The Electress of Brandenburg writes in 1697:—"I would have him persuaded to come here, not to see, but to be seen, and we would willingly keep the money generally spent on rare animals for use on this occasion." And a month later:—"Though I am a great enemy of dirt, my curiosity, this time, is too strong for me." A meeting was arranged, and Peter, frightened at the number of people the Electress and her mother brought with them, tried to slink away. He was overcome with shyness, did not know what to do with his napkin, ate like a bear, and kept the whole company at table four hours drinking endless toasts to his health, and standing each time; yet neither of the Electresses found those four hours a moment too long. Dancing was proposed after supper, and the Russians, taking the whalebone stays of their partners for a natural physical feature, remarked loudly that "the German ladies' backs are devilish hard." Peter sent for one of his jesters, but as his buffoonery did not seem to please the ladies, he seized a huge broom and swept him outside.

But this shows only one side of the great Tsar's complex character. Of his untiring energy, devotion to duty, his Napoleonic capacity for applying himself at one time to a multiplicity of subjects, his curiosity, meanness, generosity and shrewdness, his natural timidity amounting almost to cowardice, yet coexisting with courage born of an ever-present sense of duty,—of his fearless reforms, sweeping out old abuses as he swept out the obnoxious jester, yet at the same time making the inevitable mistakes of a man determined to drag a vast nation out of darkness into the light by the force of his own will—of all this M. Waliszewski has drawn a vivid picture. Church and state, military and naval affairs, architecture, the training of poodles, the length of women's dresses, the pamphlets of William Penn—nothing escaped Peter. Absolutely indefatigable, he learned everything—boat-building was only a single item. He insisted on performing operations in the St. Petersburg Hospital, in spite of the remonstrances of the patients, drew teeth for the wife of his valet, acted as house-steward at the wedding of one of his courtiers, and when the room became too warm, sent for tools and employed himself for half an hour opening a window. The French envoy to whom he had granted an audience in Poland found him in a garden pressing his suit with a fair Pole and at the same time, saw and plane in hand, busy building a boat! He did fireman's duty, and one night the inhabitants of St. Petersburg—where fires were frequent—were roused only to find, on rushing in the direction of the tocsin, a brazier lighted by his orders in a public square by soldiers who greeted them with shouts of laughter and cries of "April fool's day!" Some of Peter's shrewd ideas might be adopted to advantage at the present day. When men in the public service made mistakes in the performance of their duties, Peter rewarded them with the cap and bells. The position of court fool was also given to young men sent abroad to study, who failed to pass the examination the Tsar put them through on their return.

Of Peter's private morals the less said the better. They were not private, and they were not morals. His elevation to the throne of the servant and camp-follower, Catherine, is perhaps unparalleled in history. On the other hand, he had a pure, idyllic friendship with a Polish woman, with whom he spent hours on the water, attracted solely by her intelligence. The sight of a cockroach would almost cause him to faint; yet his bloodthirsty butchery of the Streltsi and his inhuman treatment of his son showed a nature that seemed to contain only the coarsest ingredients. His latest biography is a fascinating story, giving an impartial and convincing likeness of one of the most picturesque figures in history. One or two errors in dates are presumably the translator's.

#### Cromwell Again

1. *Oliver Cromwell: A Study in Personal Religion.* By Robert F. Horton. Thomas Whittaker. 2. *Cromwell's Place in History.* By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Longmans, Green & Co.

HUME once wrote of Cromwell that "the collection of all his speeches, letters and sermons would make a great curiosity, and with few exceptions might pass for one of the most nonsensical books in the world." Whether this shallow dictum had anything to do with stirring up Carlyle to make the collection hinted at, we do not know, but when, in December 1845, the great Scotchman turned Hume's hypothetical scrap-book into a soul-kindling reality, the effect was almost miraculous. It instantly changed the opinion of Cromwell's countrymen about their greatest ruler. There is something yet to be done, however, before the Protector can be rightly understood. Not in vain do the independent churches of England print on their newer edifices in letters of gold the name of Cromwell, not merely because he was a Congregationalist, but because he was a great man and, with all his faults, a humble servant of God. He was a man with no conceit of holiness, but a constant sense of sin, who reached conclusions after genuine wrestling in prayer and communion with the Almighty. To him religion was everything. It is curious that the later biographers of Oliver Cromwell have been men who had no special sympathy with the independent standpoint of religion, or who had definitely broken with the Christian faith. They did not develop Cromwell's life from its central, controlling idea, and did not attempt to present it as a work of the Divine Spirit carried out by an imperfect but desperately sincere man.

To many, and especially to those who do not believe in Cromwell's interpretation of Christ and the New Testament, Dr. Horton (1) will seem to have taken his subject too seriously; but the charm of his book, despite possible faults of over-statement, lies in this, that the author is in thorough sympathy with the man he tries to portray. He shows Cromwell just as he was, with the wart. He puts on his canvas what Scotch and Irish and royalists know, but he also paints a man who meant to do the best he could. He proves, we think, that at that time, and in those circumstances, things would not have been done any better by any other man, but in all probability much worse. He leaves his readers to make themselves familiar with Carlyle's and Harrison's and Gardiner's larger narratives, and bids them look at the inner man. He says:—"It is not denied that Oliver was a usurper and, in the old Greek sense of the word, a tyrant. \* \* \* He was impelled \* \* \* by duty and not by ambition." He teaches that, so far as England has realized Oliver's splendid ideals, she is the most fortunate country in Europe. That part which remains unfulfilled furnishes to patriotic spirits the goal of endeavor.

Prof. Gardiner's little book (2) is based upon six lectures which he delivered last year at the University of Oxford, and is published by request. Gardiner does not study Cromwell as a religious, but as a political man, though he does not by any means obscure or subordinate the religious element, without which there might have been a Protector, but no Oliver Cromwell. His pages are philosophic, and he does credit to all the men and forces that mingled in the Civil War and the Commonwealth. He compares popular legend with critical opinion, and finds the vulgar view to be, in the main, correct. He notes in Cromwell the hesitation and long postponements of action which were no less characteristic of the man than the swift, decisive hammer-strokes that caught the popular fancy. Prof. Gardiner finds in Cromwell's dependence upon the army the secret of his failure to establish his ideas. The English people abhorred the rule of the soldiery, however veiled, and no less did they abhor the taxation necessary for its support, especially as these men were not heroes in the conquest of a foreign enemy. Even if Cromwell's life had been prolonged twenty years, the permanence of his system would have been endangered

by his dependence upon military aid. The author, after asking us to fix our eyes upon Cromwell as a whole, concludes that he is the greatest, because the most typical, Englishman of all times. He is not to be followed as a model, but to be held up as a mirror to Englishmen, wherein they may see alike their weaknesses and their strength.

We wonder whether, after all, it is not reserved for some American to give us the final biography of Oliver Cromwell. Does it not stand to reason that out of the country where Oliver Cromwell's ideals are most perfectly realized there shall come his best biographer?

#### Sport in India

*Fifty Years' Reminiscences in India.* By Col. Pollok. Edward Arnold.

THIS BOOK takes us outdoors in India, and stirs our blood with its stories of big game. It tempts one to inspect his rifle and ammunition and conjures up visions of steamer tickets, deck awnings, and of islands softly wafting spicy odors, while glimpses of bamboo jungles, elephants, tigers and tusked creatures complete the picture. Col. Pollok is one of those sport-loving officers who have seen long service in India proper and in Burma, and has evidently found more pleasure in killing beasts than in destroying men. He does not say much about his military experiences, but tells us scores of adventures with big game; and his chapter on Burmese life is as interesting and informing as any that can be found. He is not a friend of missionaries: his remarks on the subject are those of a man whose prejudices are very thick and very crusty. They are as worthless as those of the average military depreciator or exaggerator whose life is spent in the routine of camp, barracks and sport. Apart from these blemishes, however, the book is electric with the element of personal adventure.

Col. Pollok fought elephants and buffaloes, and faced and ran away from rhinoceroses. He was especially successful in shooting tigers of the man-eating sort, yet, strange as it may seem, considers that pig-sticking is "the first sport in the world." Both the cover of his book and one of its spirited illustrations represent him as giving a back-handed thrust with a spear into an enormous tusked boar. Although the name of the illustrator is not given on the title-page, he richly deserves recognition, for his pictures showing the actions of enraged animals are admirable. In a final chapter the author gives much detailed advice to sportsmen going abroad, including a miniature cook-book, which they will no doubt appreciate.

#### Book-Wormiana

*In the Track of the Book-worm.* By Irving Browne. East Aurora, N. Y.: The Roycroft Printing Shop.

MR. BROWNE modestly tells us on his title-page that this book contains "thoughts, fancies and gentle gibes on collecting and collectors." Yet in reality it is far more. It is, almost, an attempt at a natural history of the species, with an introductory chapter on the genus collector, wherein are dismissed as far below the collector of books, those who gather and treasure snuff-boxes or mediæval armor, postage-stamps or fans, china or death-masks, autographs and even book-plates. In fact, the collector of book-plates is in Mr. Browne's eyes nothing but a spoliator of books, the born and sworn enemy of the gentle bibliophile. "The business cannot be indulged in," he says, "as a general thing, without in some sense despoiling books. It cannot be denied that it is a fascinating pursuit. So undoubtedly is the taking of watches or rings or other 'articles of bigotry or virtue' on the highway." He admits the possible fascination of book-plates of famous people, but fails to see how one can develop a taste for those of people whose very names are utterly unknown.

Having thus vented his gentle indignation, our author proceeds to glory in Euripides, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Montaigne, Frederick the Great, Condé, Marlborough, Southey,

Erasmus, De Thou, Grotius, Goethe, Bodley, the gentle Elia and—Henry VIII., who to him are great, we suspect, simply because they loved books. He grudgingly admits that women have loved books—witness Lady Jane Grey, Catherine de Medici and Diane de Poictiers,—but holds, on the whole, that the sex is an enemy to them, rather than a friend: woman will borrow a book if she can, but will rather go without it than spend money for it. She "generally regards the husband's or father's expenditure on books as so much spoil of her gowns and jewels." He writes learnedly and interestingly of extra-illustrating, which is a science understood by only a few, since the majority of grangerites, with the best intentions, succeed but in spoiling many books while marring one. And by the way, while complaining in one part of his book of a man who misspelled his name, Mr. Browne commits the same unpardonable offense in the case of an accomplished brother book-lover, Mr. Henri Pène du Bois.

The book would tempt us too far, and therefore we resolutely close its covers and bid the reader, if he be a book-worm, to open them for himself. He will find between them much wisdom and cleverness, some good verse that has appeared in *The Critic* of late years, and the best typographical work that Mr. Elbert Hubbard can turn out. Being a book-worm, he will know what that means without further elucidation.

#### "The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote"

By Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Bros.

THIS BOOK, as the preface informs us, is partly made up (pages 1-121) of two articles contributed to *The Atlantic Monthly*, and partly (pages 122-187) of "a manuscript written subsequently, to illustrate the relation of English life in the times of Elizabeth to its literature." The reader is forewarned that, as the second part traverses something of the same ground as the first, he "may perceive some repetitions," and that this is "one of the things he is to criticise"; but, unless he is disposed to be hypercritical, we fancy that he will not find fault with a book otherwise so enjoyable.

The author has drawn largely from contemporaneous writers, particularly from Harrison, whose "Description of England" is well characterized as "an unfailing mine of information for all the historians of the sixteenth century," and in the edition prepared for the New Shakspere Society by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, with its copious notes and illustrative quotations, is "a new revelation of Shakespeare's England to the general reader." Curious matter is also taken from foreign travelers, like Hentzner, who visited England in 1598; the French Perlin (1558); Busino, the chaplain of Piero Contarina, the Venetian Ambassador to James I in 1617; Van Meteren, a Netherlander, who came in 1575; and others. "The Anatomie of Abuses" (1583), by the old Puritan Philip Stubbes, furnishes some fierce diatribes on the dress of both men and women, with many incidental facts concerning the materials, fashions, and expense thereof. The reader will be surprised at the amount and variety of information which Mr. Warner has culled from these and other sources, and the skill with which he has condensed it into the compass of less than 200 small pages. The interspersed criticisms on Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and their fellow dramatists add to the interest and value of the book. We particularly commend it to teachers, students, and readers generally as an entertaining and instructive addition to Shakespearian literature.

The illustrations, from old engravings and drawings, are quaint and curious, showing the life and manners of the time as depicted by those who actually saw them. The one defect in the book is the lack of an index, which we hope may be supplied in future editions which are sure to be called for. A few misprints ("Vista" for "Viola," "Maud Marian" for "Maid Marian," etc.) should also be corrected.

**"Authors and Publishers"**

*A Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature. By G. H. P. and J. B. P. Seventh Edition, Rewritten and with Additional Material. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE NEW EDITION of this eminently practical and helpful Manual leaves, in our opinion, nothing to be desired in point of completeness or explicitness. Its sub-title is too modest, for it contains far more than mere "hints for beginners in literature." The author who has made his first success may obtain from it much valuable advice—regarding the wisdom, for instance, of having his subsequent works brought out by the same publisher who gave him his start, the advantages and drawbacks of employing a literary agent, etc. It contains figures that even Sir Walter Besant may study to advantage, regarding the gains and losses of publishers, and it explains in all their details the different ways in which the author may garner the pecuniary harvest from his work—the royalty system and others. The section devoted to the copyright law will be welcome, we know, to the many who dwell in utter darkness regarding its provisions, and are inclined to regard it as a document dark in its meanings and confused in phraseology. Of course, the authors write for people whose work is accepted; to the untold thousands whose work is doomed by its own shortcomings to remain unpublished, they can only repeat the vain advice, "Don't."

The second part of the work is devoted to the making of books—from the preparing of the manuscript to the binding. This has, of course, less direct interest for the author, except in so far as it is always well for a man to know all about everything that concerns his profession. Of course, no extended treatise on "setting," binding, etc., is given. But the author who, after reading this section of the manual, spends a few hours in his publishers' composing-rooms, and a few more in the bindery, will learn all he should know about the mechanical production of the work of his brain. Young people in publishers' offices, too, will find here a short cut to much useful knowledge, and a means of sparing their employers vexation of spirit. Taken all in all, the book, in its present form, should be an important part of the outfit of all who follow the profession (*pace* Mr. Quiller-Couch) of letters.

**"Short History of Mediæval Europe"**

By Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS short history by Prof. Thatcher of the University of Chicago is a condensation of the larger work recently published by the same author in collaboration with his colleague, Prof. Schwill. It is intended mainly as a text-book for high and preparatory schools. In the small space of 300 pages it attempts to cover 1000 years of European history, from 500 to 1500. It fulfills some of the requirements of a good text-book; it does not treat history merely as a procession of names and dates, but brings into prominence the salient characteristics of the periods treated, and is, as a rule, clearly written, though the English is at times faulty. In general, the purely narrative portions are defective, being exceedingly choppy. But this is no great detriment, as the discussion of tendencies and ideas is clearly and interestingly written. The work certainly has interest and life, two exceedingly rare things in text-books. And it contains, in addition, some excellent maps.

But these characteristics cannot atone for the author's inaccuracy, which is often merely the result of condensation, but fully as often, and much too often, the result of ignorance, or, as those more charitable might say, carelessness. Nor is the work up to the level of modern historical science. For instance, the chapter on feudalism is absolutely worthless, and shows no knowledge of recent French writings. Then, the reasons given for the dissolution of Charlemagne's realm are false and misleading, and belong to the historiography of the past generation. In general, imperial and ecclesiastical questions are treated better than purely French and English history. In our opinion the book can be adopted in the class-room only to the detriment of the student, and should not supersede the works of Duruy, Adams and Emerton.

**Poetry and Verse**

TINY BITS of poems are the Rev. John B. Tabb's "Lyrics." There are about 175 of them in the pretty little volume before us, and they run to from four to eight lines, leaving each page nearly three-quarters blank. So much for a quantitative analysis. When it comes to qualitative considerations, one is compelled to acknowledge that Father Tabb is a master of miniature verse; whatever it be—a fancy, a picture, a simile, an experience, a description—the

song is always brief and touched with beauty and charm. One of the most delicate of these lyrics is entitled "Transfigured":—

"Throughout the livelong summer day  
The Leaf and twinborn Shadow play,  
Till Leaf to Shadow fade;  
Then, hidden for a season brief,  
They dream, till Shadow turn to Leaf  
As Leaf was turned to Shade."

The author's interpretations of Nature are almost invariably felicitous, and his manner of expressing his thoughts is individual enough to distinguish his work from that of his fellow-poets. This is his second collection of "Lyrics," and is in every way a worthy successor to the first, which has had a large and well-deserved popularity. (Copeland & Day.)

675.

TWO OF the best things in Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's "In Titian's Garden, and Other Poems" are "The Violin" and "Trumpets in Lohengrin," but some of the lesser songs are extremely musical and winning, and bring to mind an exquisite lyric which occurs in "Sir Rohan's Ghost," a novel written years ago by the same author. Her verse is somewhat uneven in its workmanship and interest but not enough so to mar the pleasure one gets out of it. (Copeland & Day.)—JAMES BUCKHAM's "The Heart of Life" is the sixth volume in the Oaten Stop Series and maintains well the standard set by its forerunners. The verse is melodic, simple and readable; it gives no hints of a great poet, but shows that a gift of rhyme along with a wide-awake fancy is sufficient for the making of commendable modern poetry. (Copeland & D.y.)—"FOUR CHILDREN in Prose and Verse," by W. Trego Webb (Macmillan Co.), will likely disappoint the general reader. Both the prose and verse concern four children belonging to the author, and are therefore naturally limited in their interest, but no one could fail to appreciate the charm of the sonnet entitled "Fa'ry land":—

"Lo! in the sunlight gleamed a bastion'd wall,  
Crowned with white coping, on the sea-girt shore,  
And set with towers bedecked with golden ore.  
Fair in the midst uprose a castle tall,  
With moat and drawbridge leading to a hall  
From prying eyes hid by an ivory door.  
And on the gay parterres was purple store  
Of flowers and shrubs and plumy trees withal.

Such is the vision. What before us lies?

A sand-heap, with three feathers of a gull  
Stuck o'er, white stones, and shells, and patches full  
Of clover sprigs, rough-fashioned garden-wise.  
Alack, our world-worn hearts are blind and dull  
To brave the coinage of the children's eyes!"

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IT IS an unusual experience to find in a book of verse a dedication that appeals to the reader for whom it was not made; but this happens in Arthur Christopher Benson's "Lord Vyt, and Other Poems," and here it is:—

"Friend of my infinite dreams  
Little enough endures;  
Little how'er it seems,  
It is yours, all yours.  
Fame hath a fleeting breath,  
Hopes may be frail or fond;  
But Love shall be Love till death,  
And perhaps beyond."

This volume contains Mr. Benson's first offerings of poesy—some fifty pieces, of which half are sonnets. His best work is in the sonnets; a group of three, entitled "Self," being of superior excellence both in conception and execution. As a new member of the Bodley Head Choir, we welcome him. (John Lane.)— "EASTER BELLS" is a recent collection of verse by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, whose poetical work is everywhere popular, appealing, as it does, to the hearts of the common people. The poems in this volume are characterized by a strong faith and steady hopefulness, and they cannot fail to bring to their readers comfort and delight. (Harper & Bros.)—THAT GENIAL bibliophile, Mr. Irving Browne, has gathered together the results of several years' verse making and published them in a pretty book, which he calls "The House of the Heart." Mr. Browne's poems are of varying merit and interest, but anyone who reads them will be sure to discover many things to like, particularly among those in the subdivisions devoted to "The Nursery" and "The Library." (Peter Paul Book Co.)

### London Letter

THE QUESTION of the morality of the puff preliminary has been raised this week by a dignified and manly letter to one of the daily papers from the pen of an "English Novelist." It is generally understood that the writer is Dr. Conan Doyle, and he certainly deserves well of Letters for the straightforward fashion in which he has expounded the ethics of the question. It is certain that there is a vast deal too much of the puff preliminary just now; but, after all, is it all the author's fault? I think not: and I believe that in nineteen out of twenty cases the author would gladly be free of this nauseous form of advocating the excellences of his work. But what is he to do? On the one hand he finds his publisher, naturally anxious to push his wares, and desirous of every inch of publicity which he can secure outside the legitimate advertising columns. Is the author to run counter to his publisher in a matter which is clearly to the advantage of both? It is a vulgar, an essentially vulgar dilemma; but it is the direct result of all this prattle about returns, royalties and literary property, with which our ears are perpetually bombarded nowadays. Moreover, there are the editors. An interview is an attractive form of journalism, and an author with ideas is apt, half unconsciously, to give the most admirable "free copy," which cannot but be made much of by even an incompetent paragraphist. Is the author to offend the editors? They will have the disposition of the reviews later, and reviews are popularly supposed to sell books. Once more, it is a wretchedly vulgar dilemma; but it is the only thing you can expect, when a certain class of writers are always insisting that the sale is the proof of literary excellence. For my own part, I can very well believe that most of the novelists who are accused of attempting to puff themselves into fame are only the victims of their publishers and of the enterprising editors in whom they put their trust. I am sure many, who are obviously men of nervous sincerity and high artistic ideals, must shiver at the common publicity given them upon the hoarding and the broad-sheet, must loathe the license with which the secrets of their household life are laid bare by a prying interviewer. Very possibly, Dr. Doyle's wholesome protest may help them to have the courage of their own convictions, and to stand content upon their performance. If so, it will stand as one among a million of the letters addressed daily to the press: for it will have done excellent work, and helped literature a little from the degrading influence of the huckster.

Lord Ronald Gower is occupied upon a work dealing with "The Tower of London." It is a fascinating subject, and one that has attracted many pens, but the book which Lord Ronald projects will certainly be the fullest of its class. In all probability, too, it will be much the most beautiful. It will attempt to deal with the "historic pile" both in its romantic and historical aspects, and that it will avoid the guide-book school of writing is indicated by the name of its author. The first volume will deal with the buildings of the Tower, their history and associations. A number of drawings are being executed for this portion of the work, representing the more picturesque and interesting corners. There will also be reproductions of many of the unique prints preserved in the Tower itself. The second volume is to be concerned with the persons whose history has been bound up with that of the old prison palace; and a complete list of those who were incarcerated within its walls will be a principal feature of this part. Moreover, some sixty portraits will appear, representing the leading personages named in the text.

A good deal of attention is being attracted to a new story by Mr. Joseph Conrad, author of "Almayer's Folly," which is now appearing in the pages of *The New Review*. The story is called "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and makes a fine and burly entrance in the current number. I have more than once mentioned Mr. Conrad's work in these letters, and, having seen a copy of "The Nigger" in its entirety, I am glad to be able to believe that it is the best piece of work he has ever done. It grows in completeness from start to finish, and is at its best where you take leave of it. It can hardly fail of impact upon both sides of the Atlantic. I believe that the book-rights have been secured by Messrs. Appleton; Mr. Heinemann is to bring it out in England.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's little booklet, "If I Were God," is to be published shortly by Mr. Bowden. It is a vile title, lacking in taste and humor, but probably it will be generally agreed, when the book appears, that the name is an injustice to the work. Why will Mr. Le Gallienne go in for this sort of cheap sensationalism? He cannot really approve of it in his happier intervals!

LONDON, 20 AUG. 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

### The Lounger

IT IS announced that the title of Mark Twain's book has been changed from "The Surviving Innocent Abroad" to "Following the Equator." I am told on reliable authority that the price paid to Mr. Clemens for this book is \$40,000, in payments of \$10,000 each, and that he will make the whole of it over to his creditors, to whom he owes about \$20,000 more. At the rate of \$40,000 a book, it will not take Mr. Clemens long to pay off this indebtedness. Major Pond has recently made him an offer of \$50,000 for a series of lectures in this country, but the offer has not been accepted, as yet. Mr. Clemens was paid \$2000 by the New York *Journal* for the two articles he wrote about the Jubilee procession. One of them he dictated to a stenographer who sat by his side as the procession was passing before his eyes. This certainly should have given local color to his account of that great show.

THE COPIES of "Following the Equator" sold in New York City and vicinity will bear the imprint of the Doubleday & McClure Co. on their title-page. The book will be sold by subscription only. It contains about seventy or eighty chapters, each one of which is headed with a new Pudd'nhead Wilson maxim. One of these reads, "The best protection of principles is prosperity." Becky Sharp had about the same opinion when she said that any woman could be virtuous on 15,000/- a year. Could Becky have been, I wonder? The poster that will be used in advertising "Following the Equator" represents Mr. Clemens sitting tilted back in a steamer-chair, with a yachting cap pulled well over his eyes. Under the picture, in a facsimile of his autograph, is the line, "Be good and you will be lonesome." As there is no one in sight, I take it that Mr. Clemens is good.

IT IS SAID that the highest price per word ever paid to an author was paid by Messrs. Scribner to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for his railroad story, "No. 007," published in the August number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The story numbers over 7000 words, and the price paid was about \$1500. This, as one might suppose, covers all serial rights. Twenty cents a word is the high-water-mark in authors' pay, so far as I have any knowledge. I am told that Mr. Kipling gets no such prices in his own country. As a rule he is bought outright by an American publisher or editor, and resold to England.

AMERICA has long been the record breaker in the matter of authors' pay, for no writer of this or any other century has ever received as much money for one book as was paid by Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. (Mark Twain's firm) for Gen. Grant's Memoirs. The amount considerably exceeded \$500,000.

I MIGHT fill this department with anecdotes about Hall Caine and "The Christian," they are so many and so good. One I have read recently gives the origin of the names of the hero and heroine of that novel. Both John Storm and Mary Quayle were names that he found in the United States:—

"John Storm," Mr. Caine says, "was frequent in a churchyard which I visited, but what clinched my selection of it was the curious fact that on the evening of the day on which I had visited that churchyard, and while I was actually debating in my mind on its suitability, I was helped into my carriage by a very pleasant-looking young man, whose appearance so pleased me that I spoke to him. In the end I said: 'Might I have the pleasure of knowing your name?' 'John Storm,' he said. What resistance was possible to me after that? As to Glory. I was driving out with Mr. Appleton, my American publisher, and we were discussing female names, and I confessed myself at a loss for a name which would

embody my ideal of my heroine, when my eye caught a poster advertisement, on which was the one word 'Gloria,' in huge letters—the advertisement, I believe, of a brand of blacking. 'I have it,' I cried with an excitement which evidently surprised Mr. Appleton. 'Glory is the name. Glory is her name.'"

MRS. JOHN DREW, who died at Larchmont on Tuesday last, was in the seventy-eighth year of her age and had been on the stage for seventy-four years. That is, she made her first appearance when she was three years old, but did not take up acting as a profession until she had reached the mature age of six. There are few *rôles* known to "the legitimate" that she had not played, and she also made an enviable reputation as a manager, Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre being known far beyond the limits of Philadelphia. During the last years of her life Mrs. Drew was a member of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's company, playing Mrs. Malaprop to his Bob Acres. She also played in the famous star cast of "The Rivals."

I HAD the pleasure of spending part of a morning with Mrs. Drew recently, and, though she spoke of her failing health, she seemed wonderfully active and alert for a woman of her years. She talked of her future plans, which included a re-engagement with Mr. Jefferson. I thought, however, that she seemed more interested in the past than in the future. We discussed the stage as it was and as it is, and her recollection of the great lights of the drama were most interesting. She had seen Rachel and been thrilled by her, and of Ristori and Salvini she spoke with the greatest enthusiasm. I was also glad to hear her praise Adelaide Neilson, not only as a beautiful woman, but as a great actress. In the course of our conversation she mentioned having acted with the present Mr. Jefferson's grandfather. It is said that Mrs. Drew had been engaged for some time in writing her recollections of the stage. If she wrote as well as she talked, her recollections should make a most delightful book.

A NEW germ-breeder has been discovered, and this time the lives of authors are in peril. According to experiments which have recently been completed at Berlin and Leipzig by the leading bacteriologists of Germany, the ordinary inks "literally teem with bacilli of a dangerous character, the bacteria taken therefrom sufficing to kill mice and rabbits inoculated therewith in the space of from one to three days." I have heard of pens dipped in gall that have done their deadly work and killed aspiring poets and ambitious novelists; but think how much deadlier work can be done by pens dipped in inks that "literally teem with bacilli"!

IT MUST SEEM extraordinary to foreigners who have never visited New York, that it should be necessary to build playgrounds for school-children on the roofs of school-houses in this city. The idea has been suggested, and seems to be a good one. New York suffers from a lack of parks. Every other large city in the world has as many as are needed for the comfort of its people; but when New York was laid out, parks evidently were the last thing thought of. There is a good deal to be said in favor of these roof-gardens (let not the reader confuse them with the roof-gardens attached to theatres). Playgrounds lifted high above the noise and dust of the streets ought to do a great deal for the health and happiness of New York school-children.

A LADY writes to me, apropos of the mistakes made by book-sellers, that she went into a shop in this city recently and asked for a copy of Swinburne's poems. "We have not Swinburne's poems," replied the obliging clerk, "but we have Robert Burns," laying stress on the poet's given name.



OWEN WISTER

THE YOUNG PHILADELPHIAN whose stories of the cowboys, Indians and soldiers have become one of the regular features of the Harper periodicals, is not the first to make the name of Wister known to readers of fiction. That had already been done by Dr. Furness's sister, Mrs. A. L. Wister, whose translations from the German have long been deservedly popular. The clan is

a numerous one, but in proportion to its numbers has not figured largely in the literary world—though Dr. Caspar Wistar was known in the medical profession as an authoritative writer; and Fanny Kemble's daughter, who became the wife of Dr. Owen Wister, not only translated Musset, but wrote original verse. The young gentleman whose portrait confronts us sacrificed a musical career in order to become a lawyer. Whether he means to sacrifice the law in order to remain a writer is a question. I doubt that he does,

I BEG to call the attention of the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, author of an exhaustive history of Methodism, to the following advertisement from the columns of *The British Weekly*:

"ON SALE.—John Wesley's First Pulpit at his First Chapel in Bristol, brought to Holyhead in 1829.—Apply to Rev. W. Evans, Holyhead."

MR. GEORGE ALLEN, Mr. Ruskin's publisher, announces a new edition of "Modern Painters," at a much reduced price. The book now fetches 7*s*. The new edition will be sold for two guineas. It is rather amusing that Ruskin, who wrote for the people, or at least said that he did, should have been printed in such a beautiful and costly style that none but the rich could afford to buy his books. It is only in America that there have been cheap editions of his works, and some of these have been smuggled into England. A few years ago Mr. Allen brought out a moderately cheap edition, which is published here by Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co., and is the only authorized edition brought out in America. Up to that time, Mr. Ruskin had refused to grant permission for an American edition of his books, and there was no international copyright to prevent anyone from taking them who cared.

APROPOS of Ruskin's books, nearly everyone believes that they are published at Orpington, in Kent. They are not, and never have been. Mr. Allen, who has always published them, lives at Orpington, which is only a short distance from London, and some of the books have been stored there; but they have always been printed in the capital; therefore the tales of this country press that we have heard are entirely without foundation. Mr. Allen's office in London is called Ruskin House. I went to Orpington three years ago, for the purpose of visiting the famous press, and found that there was none. It is not unnatural, however, for people to think that Mr. Ruskin's books are published at Orpington, as that is the only place named on the title-pages, and, if I remember aright, Mr. Allen said, in the course of a peasant conversation on the subject, that the books used to be delivered from there.

## A Book and its Story

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD AND HER FRIENDS

IN READING Mrs. John Sherwood's "An Epistle to Posterity" (Harper & Bros.), we are reminded that New York once had charm. It has many qualities to-day, some of them attractive, but charm is not one of them. Within the last quarter of a century New York has put on the airs of a prosperous, cock-sure metropolis, and all that was simple and homely in its social life has disappeared. In the days covered by Mrs. Sherwood's earlier recollections, there was a neighborhood feeling in certain localities. Such a thing as dropping in upon a neighbor of an evening was the rule; not, as now, the exception. Society had its leaders then as it has to-day, but they belonged to the good old families. Birth and breeding, and not money, marked the right to lead. Comfort was paramount to display. We had not learned to ape the defects of the old world. We were ourselves, and our individuality was one of our greatest attractions.

But to discuss Mrs. Sherwood's book and not to sigh over the past:—Mrs. John Sherwood is known to everybody, and she has known everybody, more or less, in the course of her varied and interesting life. She begins her book with recollections of her girlhood days in New England, of her father, "a tall and most picturesque man, with blue eyes and fine curling black hair, with a great laughing mouth full of white teeth and of eloquent voice, and a laugh which filled the whole County of Cheshire," and her mother, a stately woman of a more austere disposition. At an early age "Mary Elizabeth," as she was called in her own family, was sent to Mr. Emerson's school in Boston, but she was not particularly happy there. In one of her letters home she writes:—

"I have been taken to hear Miss Margaret Fuller talk. She received me very kindly. I found her a very plain woman, with almost a humpback, but the moment she began to talk I found her most fascinating; there was a sort of continuous, long, low stream of well constructed sentences and that Boston pronunciation which you and I admire. She said: 'Talk about your friends' interests and not your own; always put the pronoun you for the pronoun I when you can.' (A lady near me pulled my skirt and said: 'She is a great egotist herself.') 'In society to have unity one must have units, one cannot be unanimous alone.' She said: 'Never talk of your diseases, your domestics, or your dresses.' She said: 'Think before you speak, and never speak unless you feel you cannot help speaking.'

"But then I should never speak at all," said S.—

"Perhaps the world would be none the worse," said she, rather cruelly, I thought.

"She is cruel. The girls all came away frightened."

Once, when she was at home for the holidays, she went with her father and mother to visit Daniel Webster at Marshfield. Mrs. Sherwood waxes eloquent over Webster's eyes and says that, had he been "a professional lady-killer, he would have won every woman in the land." He could, however, be as "terrible as he was gentle." An amusing instance of the former quality is given. "Mrs. Webster complained to him of the revolt of a kitchen maid. 'Send her to me,' he said. The housekeeper told us that he simply looked at her, when she cried out, 'Don't do that! don't do that! I will scrub the buttery!' It was like a lash on sensitive flesh to have his black eyes flash their lightning at one," adds Mrs. Sherwood.

Apropos of Webster's eyes, Mrs. Sherwood tells another anecdote that was told to her by W. W. Story, the sculptor:—

"James Lowell and I," said he, "were very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's Cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 30th of September, 1842, we determined to go in and hoot at him, and to show him that he had incurred our displeasure. There were 3000 people there, and we felt sure they would hoot with us, young as we were."

"But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped calmly forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat, James pulled off his. We both became cold as ice and respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale; he said I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from abject contempt to belief and approbation."

Mrs. Sherwood is rather vague as to dates. The last figure in the year is invariably left out at the top of her letters. For instance, she writes to a friend:—"Nov. 11, 185—, I am to be married to morrow," etc. Then she proceeds to describe her wedding-dress of "white moire antique, so stiff it would stand alone," and Mr. Sherwood's "deep mulberry dress-coat with steel buttons, and a white silk vest." On the subject of dress at that time she writes:—

"In the early '40s and '50s almost everybody, had 'about enough to live on,' and young ladies dressed well on a hundred dollars a year. The daughters of the richest man in Boston were dressed with scrupulous plainness, and the wife and mother owned one brocade, which did service for several years. Display was considered vulgar. Now, alas! only Queen Victoria dares to go shabby; fine clothes have become a necessity to the lesser lights. The greater proportion of people were happier, because there was not such emulation, such vulgar striving, nor such soaring, foolish ambitions. Then men and women fell back on their own minds for that entertainment which they now seek in fast horses, yachts, great and constant change, journeys to Europe and to Newport. Books took the place of dress and display. When a young lady was introduced to society one bouquet did duty for the seventy-five which now are considered quite too few. There was a sober elegance among even the first in position and the richest in pocket. There was no talk about money; it has become a subject of conversation since the war."

A hundred dollars a year would not keep a "society girl" in gloves at the present time.

The chapter on "Old New York Twenty Years Ago" describes, among other things, a magnificent ball at the old Goelet House, at the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth Street, recently demolished. Brown of Grace was the major-domo of the occasion:—"I remember that ball, in the fine, old, stately rooms, and that my kind hostess, when the 'german' crowded us, took me behind the supper table, where Peter Van Dyk, blackest of men and best of cooks, was carving a most succulent filet. There are no such oysters, terrapin, or canvasback duck as there were in those days; the race is extinct. It is strange how things degenerate. At this ball we had champagne out of silver goblets! Peter Van Dyk and his assistants were so indispensable at the balls and dinners, that a young English nobleman asked his hostess if our black servants were not very much alike. It did not occur to the man accustomed to a ducal entourage that we passed them on from one to another."

Mr. W. W. Astor seems to have inherited his mother's talent for entertaining. Mrs. Sherwood was in Rome when he was Minister, and of him she writes:—"With grand parties and excellent dinners, the home of our Minister, Mr. W. W. Astor, was a distinguished rallying-place for Americans. Mr. Astor, speaking all languages and having great fortune, could and did live as the representative of our great country ought to live in every foreign city. He was so cultivated and had lived so much in Rome when he was studying art (for he is a good sculptor) that he was also a prince of cicerones. He was just writing his excellent novel of 'Valentino,' in which, as one of his American critics said, 'he had attempted to whitewash the Borgias, and had taken rather a large contract.' He did it very well, however."

In London Mrs. Sherwood was particularly fortunate in meeting distinguished men and women. It was at a dinner given by the late Sir John and Lady Millais that she first met Browning. He took her in to dinner, the late Lord Houghton sitting on her other side. Opposite were Mrs. Procter, the widow of Barry Cornwall, and a Mr. Godwin, famous for his mania for buying the chairs of distinguished persons. Mr. Browning was a great disappointment to Mrs. Sherwood at first:—"He looked like a retired ship captain, was short, rather stout, red-faced, with a large nose and white hair, but he was so simple and kindly and polite that I forgave him for not looking the poet." Mr. Godwin told him that he had just bought a chair, "the very one in which Mrs. Browning wrote 'Casa Guidi Windows.'" Mr. Browning said that this was impossible as he had never parted with a thing that had been in her apartments, and he became quite agitated at the other's insistence. Mr. Godwin persevered, however, and said that the chair had been given by Mrs. Browning to two English ladies, friends of hers, in Florence, who had asked her for it. Mrs. Sherwood turned the conversation to George Eliot, which induced Mrs.

Procter to declare that she "would not have taken a housemaid with such a character." This drew out both Lord Houghton and Browning, who defended the maligned novelist.

Of Thackeray, whom she met in New York, she writes:—"I do not remember a more easy-going and genial person. His tall, commanding form and grey head, his *nez retroussé* and his eyeglasses, his firm tread and charming laugh, got to be as well known in New York as they were in London. \* \* \* He was always accessible and full of enjoyment, and yet when we saw him sailing along majestically down Broadway, with his hands in his pockets, there was an air of melancholy and of preoccupation in his expressive face."

If knowing the most interesting people of one's time makes life pleasant, then Mrs. Sherwood must have enjoyed herself in an unusual degree; and no one can read this book without sharing her enjoyment with her.

J. L. G.

### A Modern Cagliostro

**Jan Van Beers's House in Paris and its Contents**

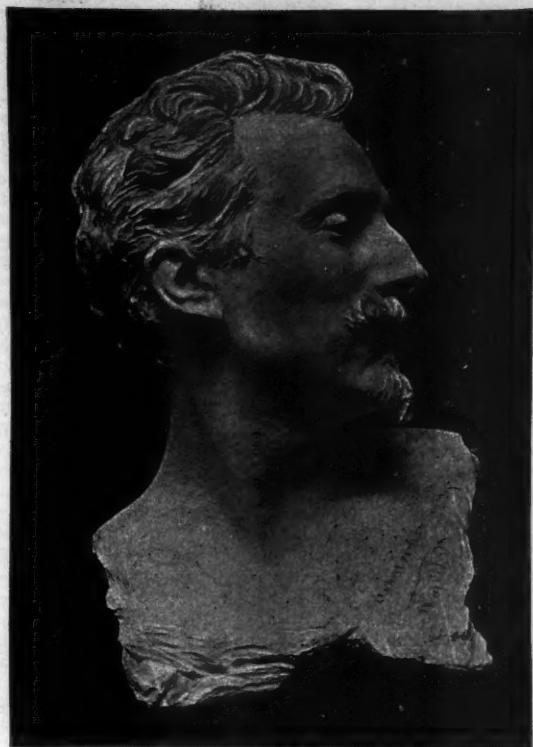
(*The Pall Mall Gazette*)

WITH the vivid impression still left on my mind of the eccentricities of M. Jan Van Beers's first London exhibition, and of the marvels and surprises which he displayed at the famous supper which he gave in Bond Street some five years ago, I gladly accepted his invitation to go to see him and his new house when I was last in Paris, and my pleasure, although intensified by expectancy, was in no way disappointed. A long drive, for the house is situated near the Bois de Boulogne and the fortifications, brought us to M. Van Beers's door, which was opened by a tiny maid-servant, and as we penetrated the inner hall our host came forward to do the honors and act the part of cicerone. Already in the vestibule we had observed that all was green of varying shades, that the heavy velvet curtains were of the particular tint of Paul Veronese, and that the white curtains were supported by the heads of fishes.

In the centre of the hall—octagon shaped—was a candelabrum copied as to the base from that in the Cathedral of Milan (twelfth century), but the rest, a group of copper branches imitating the plant known as "bleeding hearts," each little pink heart, of which there are at least forty, containing electric lights.

Inviting us to pass under a heavy portière, M. Van Beers took us into a completely darkened room, one end of which he suddenly illuminated, however, and we beheld a life-sized, tinted statue of our Mother Eve, with masses of long real hair and the scarcity of clothing which was the fashion in her day; she was standing under an apple-tree, and in one hand held the fruit to which we owe so much. A serpent twined around the tree was whispering in her ear. Then, when the whole room was lighted up, we saw on a Greek pedestal four figures supporting the world, and this, we were told, was an enlargement of a German work of the seventeenth century at South Kensington Museum. The globe is of ruby-colored glass, containing electric light. This stood out strikingly against a background of canary colored satin, twisted and draped round the necks of giraffes, standing their natural heights, and sculptured by Courtier. In another small room opening from the hall we again came upon Courtier's work in the shape of thirty life-sized and colored kittens scampering all over the white frieze and columns. Indeed, this tiny room is all white, even to the heavy curtains, which look like glorified blankets, and are attached to white poles by rings formed of big white pearls.

The only touch of color in the room is secured by etchings autographed by the donors, Alma-Tadema, Bouguereau, Gérôme, Millais, Munkacsy, etc. Certain details of the apartment were suggested by the Infanta's palace at Saragossa. As we left it we almost jostled the bust of a Pope by Ambroise. We passed up a beautiful staircase and into a picture-gallery in the Greek style, hung and carpeted with purple, where each gem-like picture stood on a bronze stand crowned by a reflector which threw the electric light on to the work. We walked through a little Japanese room and into M. Van Beers's Indo-Chinese bedroom, of which the prevailing colors are bright green, orange and gold. This room is more or less a reproduction of one in the Palace of Ang-Kor-wat; the bed is made of four enormous leaves of the palm species; on the ceiling above is a colored bas-relief representing a prince and princess and their courtiers in a bark rowed by thirty oarsmen. Facing the bed is a window, through which we perceived an Indian panorama, adroitly simulating infinite distance. The



M. JAN VAN BEERS

room is lighted by branches of metal flowers studded with emeralds, and supported by Hindoo divinities. Beautiful; but what a grawsome room in which to sleep, and still more, in which to wake up! For there are many more Hindoo gods scattered about in it, and many mirrors cunningly arranged to reflect them.

We were pleased to leave these grinning, glaring deities and to pass into an octagon room in the Moorish style lighted from below through a glass floor. This floor is arranged to represent the old *jeu de l'oie*—an obstacle game played with dice and known in every age and country by some different name. M. Van Beers invited us to sit on cushions on the floor and play a round, but we thirsted for more marvels, and continued our investigations. The walls and ceilings were composed of copies of fragments of the Alhambra at Granada, in bright red and gold. By this time more English and Americans had come, and M. Van Beers asked us to come and drink tea. So we adjourned to the dining-room, where more surprises awaited us. To say that it is lovely is but mildly to express the feeling of admiration with which, indeed, one is inspired in going over the whole of this wonderful house. M. Van Beers has searched cathedrals, palaces, convents all over the world, and has copied or adapted whatever seemed to him most beautiful and desirable in them.

The dining-room window in this way happens to be a copy of the rood-loft of Limoges. The three windows are of a mauve beveled glass, surrounded by cabochons of purple glass and set in nickel frames. The three supports are composed of tinted nude women, with transparent wings studded with garnets. Other supports are in the style of the Flemish renaissance, having as capitals women's hands, flesh colored, wrists surrouded by bracelets set with blue and green stones. From the centre of the ceiling hangs a big bell of gold and silver, with eight sides to it, made to match the window. This bell hangs from a terrestrial globe attached to a golden sun, which is surrounded by clouds. In and around these clouds a flight of angels—women and children in high relief—wing their way. These are flesh-colored and their draperies are of blue, mauve and white. Under the bell a group supports a dish to hold fruit. The table underneath is made of glass and brass, covered with the finest transparent cambric, and the light comes from below, alternately pink and yellow. The centre of the table, a square of ivory framed in Renaissance brass, studded with precious stones, at a given moment

disappeared while we were there, and instead a trayful of the costliest delicacies, "the poor bachelor's tea," appeared, propelled by an invisible lift. As we complimented M. Van Beers on his achievements, and called him a modern Cagliostro, we asked how long he had taken to accomplish this *chef-d'œuvre*. "For four years," he said, "I have had Italian and Flemish workmen and many others here, and"—touching his forehead suggestively—"I am sure often have they said to themselves 'The poor gentleman, he has a fly in his hat.' He bowed us out, and we did not even see the little maid-servant again. Small wonder at her size, it all the service of the house is done as automatically as the waiting at table.

### The September Magazines

"The Atlantic Monthly."

**T**HIS HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT does not mince matters in his article on "Municipal Administration: The New York Police Force," in the September *Atlantic*. He is always outspoken, but in this paper he is particularly so.—The literary flavor is given to this number by Prof. Woodrow Wilson, who writes "On Being Human." He singles out James Russell Lowell as the most human man. "Should we seek," he says, "to name the most human man among those who led the nation to its struggle with slavery, and yet was no statesman, we should of course name Lowell. We know that his humor went further than any man's passion towards setting tolerant men a-tingle with the new impulses of the day. We naturally hold back from those who are intemperate and can never stop to smile, and are deeply reassured to see a twinkle in a reformer's eye. We are glad to see earnest men laugh. It breaks the strain." Prof. Wilson writes also of the genuine man, but does not name him. "Genuineness," he says, "is a quality that goes with good sense and self-respect. It is a sort of robust moral sanity, mixed with elements both moral and intellectual. It is found in natures too strong to be mere trimmers and conformers, too well poised and thoughtful to fling off into intemperate protest and revolt. Laughter is genuine which has in it neither the shrill, hysterical note of mere excitement, nor the hard metallic twang of the cynic's sneer—which rings in the honest voice of gracious good humor, which is innocent and unsatirical. Speech is genuine which is without silliness, affectation, or pretense. That character is genuine which seems built by nature rather than by convention, which is stuff of independence and of good courage. Nothing spurious, bastard, begotten out of true wedlock of the mind; nothing adulterated and seeming to be what it is not; nothing unreal can ever get place among the nobility of things genuine, natural, of pure stock and unmistakable lineage. It is a prerogative of every truly human being to come out from the low estate of those who are merely gregarious and of the herd, and show his innate powers cultivated and yet unspoiled—sound, unmixed, free from imitation; showing that individualization without extravagance, which is genuineness."—More of Dean Swift's letters are given, and there are other contributions that we should like to discuss, among them "The American Notion of Equality," by Henry Childs Merwin, but refrain for want of space.

### "The Century Magazine."

**I**N THE September *Century*, Mrs. A. M. Mosher follows Browning through Brittany, telling at what places he stayed and what he wrote there. This interesting paper is illustrated by George Wharton Edwards. "Browning," says Mrs. Mosher, "made the little town of Croisic unforgettable," not because he lived there, "for the simple folk do not dream what poet dwelt among them those summers, but chiefly because 'Hervé Riel the Croisicke' has been so beautifully framed in the poem. We found the 'delicious and peculiar' house where the poet lived. We walked along the shore among the fisherfolk, and met his Hervé Riel more than once. We see him to-day, looking to be of the same valiant stuff as when he 'up stood, out stepped, in struck' to save the French fleet on that 31st of May, 1692, at St. Malo on the Rance. The type still abounds on this rocky shore of Croisic.

'Not a symptom of surprise  
In the frank blue Breton eyes'

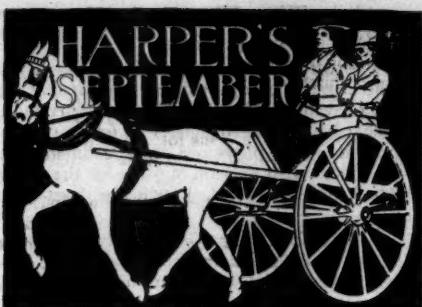
exactly describes the Hervé Riel we met. Nor is the 'Belle Aurore' lacking. We saw—we believe we saw—Hervé Riel, and his Belle Aurore, and a flock of little Hervé Rieles and Belle Aurores, on this September morning of 1893. It is only in this one little spot of Brittany that one finds 'blue Breton eyes'



(Browning makes no mistakes).”—Another interesting article with France for its background is "Royalists and Republicans," by Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Though the article is mainly political, it has also a literary flavor, for in France a literary man may be in politics without losing caste. Of Taine and his salon M. de Coubertin says:—"Taine's salon was 'neutral.' Royalists and republicans alike met there, for politics were rarely discussed. The talk turned on literature, science, progress, the evolution of ideas. Taine's hospitality was of the most delicate sort, and as a host he was well supported by his wife and daughter, for whom no subject of conversation was too high. While looking up information for his own work, during the week, he would collect a hundred details which might be of use in the special work of such or such a one of his guests; and Monday evening, when they arrived, he would go from one to another, generously distributing his knowledge, and adding to it the germs of new and fruitful ideas, which each might bear away with him and eventually develop. Taine's life was far from having been as stationary as Jules Simon's. His mental evolution never ceased. He seemed to be ascending an endless staircase, with long pauses at each landing, where he might conscientiously classify his recent observations. To one thing only did he tenaciously cling, and that was method. His microscope never left him."—Miss Scidmore writes of the famous Buddhist ruin in Java, which rivals the pyramids.

### "Harper's Magazine"

**I**N HER ARTICLE "Around London by Bicycle," which opens the September *Harper's*, Mrs. Joseph Pennell recalls forcibly to our minds that London is unrivaled as a city of literary landmarks. Following in the tracks of her bicycle, we find the home of a famous author, or a scene celebrated by one, at every turn. Not only London itself is thus marked, but its environs for many miles around. For example, there is Hammersmith, with Kelmscott and memories of William Morris; and Chiswick, just below, where Hogarth lived and Becky Sharp went to school; and Barnes with its memories of Evelyn, Cowley and Fielding, to say nothing of Mr. Henley, who has just deserted it for higher ground. Then we get to Rochester, which is endeared to us by Dickens as well as by the fact that Dean Hole and his rose-garden are there. Of this lovely town Mrs. Pennell says that it belongs "Not to the shadowy Romans and Danes and Normans who made it; not to the other more substantial shades who haunt it!—Henry Esmond welcoming his unworthy king; Pepys the irrepressible kissing the pretty wife of the plain, silly shopkeeper; Hogarth off on his immortal jaunt; the great Dr. Johnson taking water to Billingsgate—these are not your companions through the dull little town. It is Pip, rather, who is at your side, or Edwin Drood, or Davy Copperfield. You may seek refuge from the crowd of persistent ghosts in the inn, and still they are at your heels. For in duty bound you put up at the Bull, which looks so attractive with its old portico and court-yard, just as it was when it sheltered the seventh 'Poor Traveller,' and Pip, the obsequious Pumblechook in his train, and smiling, spectacled Mr. Pickwick and his Club. With you they all mount the fine square stairway, hung from top to bottom with old paintings and engravings and rare lithographs; and



if, as happened to us, presumably because we came on bicycles, you are led higher up than the rooms reserved for the Pickwickians, and are put at the back, where your window overlooks a wilderness of roofs, you have the consolation of knowing that you share the fate of Pip when he lost his Great Expectations." —One of the most notable articles of the month is that by Mr. Henry James, on the late George du Maurier. Everyone has heard of Mr. James's intimacy with du Maurier, and that it was he who induced the artist to become a writer. To Mr. James as well as to Mr. du Maurier we are indebted for "Peter Ibbetson," "Trilby" and Barty. Mr. James describes their walks in London in search of material for the *Punch* pictures:—"It was in connection with this when, between six and eight, before the lamp-lit meal, we took a turn together and the afternoons, at the winter's end, grew longer, but still with dusk enough for the lighted shop-fronts to lend a romantic charm to Westbourne Grove and for houses in devious by-streets to show dimly as haunts remembered and extinct, that I perceived, almost with gratulations, how few secrets against him, after all, the accident of his youth had built up. His sight was beyond any other I had known, and, whatever it had lost, what it had kept was surprising. He had been turned out originally with a wondrous apparatus, an organ worthy of one of those heroes whom he delighted to endow with superfine senses: this never ceased to strike me in all companionship. He had, in a word, not half, but double or quadruple the optical reach of other people. I always thought I valued the use of my eyes and that I noticed and observed; but the manner in which, when out with him, I mainly exercised my faculty was by remarking how constantly and how easily his own surpassed it. I recall a hundred examples of this which are a part of the pleasantness of memory." We have been waiting for Mr. James to write this article. We knew that it was bound to come, for what it says no one could say better. An intimacy covering a period of nineteen years gives him the right to speak, and to speak with appreciation as well as knowledge.

#### "Scribner's Magazine"

IN THE September *Scribner's*, Mr. F. B. Sanborn writes of "Lord Byron in the Greek Revolution," and throws a new light on the complex character of that gifted poet and singular man. Apropos of the feeling for Byron in Greece he says:—"With the faults and foibles of Byron, Greece had nothing to do; she knew nothing of them; to her he was only 'the great and noble.' Crossing the Gulf of Salamis one day in a boat, with a rough mountain captain and his men, I pulled out a volume of Byron, and was reading; the wind blowing open the leaves, the captain caught a glimpse of the portrait and recognized it. He begged to take the book, and looking for a moment, with melancholy, at the face of the noble lord, he kissed it and passed it to his men, who did the same, saying, 'Eeton megalos kai kalos' (he was great and noble)." —In the second instalment of papers on "The Workers," Prof. Wyckoff has become a horny-handed son of toil in earnest and goes out in the early morning in his overalls, dinner pail in hand, with the rest of the "gang." He is beginning to notice differences in laboring men. Heretofore they had all looked alike to him, but now he is aware of an impression of individuality. "My eyes," he writes, "were growing sensitive to other differences, certainly to the broad distinction between skilled and unskilled workmen. Many orders of labor were represented —masons, and carpenters, and bricklayers, and plasterers, besides unskilled laborers. An evident superiority in intelligence, accompanied by a certain indefinable superiority in dress, was the general mark of skilled labor. And then the class of unskilled workers was noticeably heterogeneous in composition, while many of

the other class were plainly of American birth." —In "At the foot of the Rockies," Miss Abbe Carter Goodloe describes social life in the remote West. In the course of her paper she hits off the difference between young Englishmen and young Americans with a clever touch:—"It is so difficult to imagine a young American voluntarily choosing a ranch as a start in life, that it is hardly worth while trying to do so. As a rule he either thinks of the country as the place where market vegetables come from and Thanksgiving turkeys are raised, or else it represents to him a large and expensive establishment at Lakewood or some such place, with a casino and bowling-alley and polo-team attached. And as for the most part the American does not play polo nor hunt nor shoot nor fish with any real, genuine enthusiasm, the latter view he takes is scarcely more alluring than the former. Down deep in his heart he knows that he would much rather be trying to run an electric railway or a bank, or building bridges or losing money in Wall Street, than to be doing any of those things. But the young Englishman is entirely different. He has always known and enjoyed outdoor sports. It is the life he likes best, and he imagines that ranch-life is first and foremost a sporting life."

#### "Lippincott's Magazine"

"WEEPING FERRY," by Margaret L. Woods, the complete novel of this number, is a story of love that ends in death. It will entertain the reader sufficiently to keep him from realizing that it is a pot boiler manufactured with great skill and at the cost of very little labor. —Mr. Theodore Stanton, *The Critic's* Paris correspondent, writes of "Europe and the Exposition of 1900," in Paris. He has been actively engaged for some time—two years in fact—in pointing out the importance of this exhibition to our manufacturers and merchants, but considers it still necessary to sound the following note of warning:—"European countries and several in South America and Asia are already engaged in selecting their allotments. If we of the United States let many more months slip by without taking any action, our would-be exhibitors of the eleventh hour will not only find all the 'best places' given away, but will be chagrined to learn, as has been our experience at more than one former exhibition, that they cannot find even 'standing room.' What a cry will then go up—the old cry that was heard in 1867, 1878 and 1889—against the future United States Commission! whereas the blame should be laid at the door of Congress and American public opinion, which are slumbering over this question of our participation at Paris in 1900, while all Europe and most of the rest of the civilized world are up and doing."

#### "The Forum"

THE SEPTEMBER *Forum*, beginning the twenty-fourth volume of that excellent review, certainly lacks not in timeliness. There are papers on "Alaska and the New Gold-field," by Prof. W. H. Dall of the Geological Survey; "Strikes and the Coal Miners," by Samuel Gompers; "Hawaii and the Changing Front of the World," by the Hon. J. R. Procter, President of the Civil Service Commission; "American Annexation and Armament," by Murat Halstead; and, in close connection with the foregoing two, "A Plea for the Navy," by the Hon. H. A. Herbert, ex Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Herbert demonstrates that on the basis of "total displacement"—sometimes spoken of as "tonnage"—the United States easily occupy the fifth place among the naval powers of the world. The ex-Secretary points out that we have over 3000 miles of sea-coast to protect—excluding Alaska,—and that a naval war would be particularly serious for us, because, as the United States refused, at the Paris Conference, to consent to the abolition of privateering, the right to issue letters of marque and reprisal to private vessels to prey on an enemy's commerce still exists as against us in favor of the other powers.—Prof. Brander Matthews writes of "The Historical Novel" from his own well-known realistic point of view. Whatever subject this writer touches, is sure to be shown in a new light; and one never gets more benefit from him than when disagreeing with him most heartily.

#### "McClure's Magazine"

*McClure's Magazine* for September contains a practical and useful article on "Life in the Klondike Gold Fields," embodying the personal observations of a pioneer who has lately come out, bringing a fair fortune with him. Rudyard Kipling's ballad of English rule in Egypt also appears in this number, as does, further, Col. George E. Waring's article showing that, by improvement in

organization and method, a length of streets greater than the distance from New York to Chicago is now cleaned daily in New York without noise, confusion, or even dust, and at a constantly diminishing cost; and that thereby the expense of living and the liability to death have been greatly reduced, and the whole tone and character of the life of the city perceptibly elevated. Pictures of all the phases of street-cleaning, from drawings and photographs, illustrate the paper.

#### Magazine Notes

THE leading feature of the October *Scribner's* will be a special article on "The Wreck of Greece," by Henry Norman, correspondent of the London *Chronicle* during the recent war. Mr. Norman had the advantage of having personal acquaintances at Athens, and among the officers of the Greek army. He will relate for the first time certain conversations that he had with the King, with whom he was in confidential relations, and will show just what was going on behind the scenes, and how much more reasonable Greece's attitude was than most people thought at the time. He will show, also, what the fight meant to Greece, and what is her true condition to-day. The paper will be illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

#### The "Index Librorum Prohibitorum"

(*The Publishers' Weekly*)

THE "Index Librorum Prohibitorum," often confused with the "Index Librorum Expurgandorum," or Expurgatorius (that catalogues the works which may be read after the deletion of specified passages), is a large volume of 419 pages. It contains the titles of 20,000 volumes, which, on doctrinal or moral grounds, the Roman Catholic Church, under penalty of ecclesiastical censure, authoritatively forbids the members of her communion to possess or to read. Eight thousand authors are named in it. Everything that Renan wrote is condemned, but only the more profane, from a Roman Catholic standpoint, of Voltaire's works appear in the Index. Taine's "History of English Literature" is under the ban, but his studies on the French Revolution are omitted from the list of prohibited books by the wish of Leo XIII. All of Cousin's works are condemned, but only four of Lamartine's.

For obvious reasons Eugène Sue's "Wandering Jew" and "The Mysteries of Paris" are both forbidden reading. The Index contains a complete catalogue of the works of both the elder and the younger Dumas, but only two of Victor Hugo's books are found in it—"Les Misérables" and "Notre Dame de Paris." There are two Zolas in the Index—one is the author of "Rome," the other is a theologian of the last century.

The business of correcting the Index to date is now in the hands of an ecclesiastical board known as the Congregation of the Index, which consists of a prefect (who is always a cardinal) and other cardinals, with whom are associated the "consultors" and "examiners of books" (*qualificatores*). The Roman Index is far from being an exhaustive catalogue of works inconsistent with Catholic orthodoxy, and therefore lacks the interest and importance it would otherwise have for the bibliographer.

#### Flos Florum

##### I

I look into my pit  
And see the flowers there  
A-bloom in darkness, lit  
Only by Love: a rare  
Companionship: ah, might  
I ask for my rich lot  
To be a flower, forgot  
By all save Love and Light!

##### II

The Soul doth hibernate  
In this frost-world,  
Till Death's pale summer breaks  
The cloven clay: unfurled,  
O Flower, lift thy fair  
Frail blossom in Heaven's air!

J. A. H.



#### The Fine Arts

##### Art Notes

SECRETARY GAGE has put in operation the Tarsney law, which provides for the competition of architects in designing public buildings, by inviting seven architects to submit designs and estimates for a Government building at Norfolk, Va., for which \$190,000 has been appropriated. The plans are to be submitted on Oct. 12. Architects are invited, also, to send in plans for the new immigrant station to be built on Ellis Island, on which at least \$500,000 will be expended.

—The New York Park Board has received a communication from the National Sculpture Society condemning the Turini statue of Bolivar, with which the Government of Venezuela offered to replace the present abomination bearing the Liberator's name. The communication states that "It is the opinion of the Society that the completed clay model for the statue as seen in the sculptor's studio fails to reach that standard of artistic excellence that it should in order to entitle it to a place in any of the public grounds or parks of this city."

#### Education

##### Educational Notes

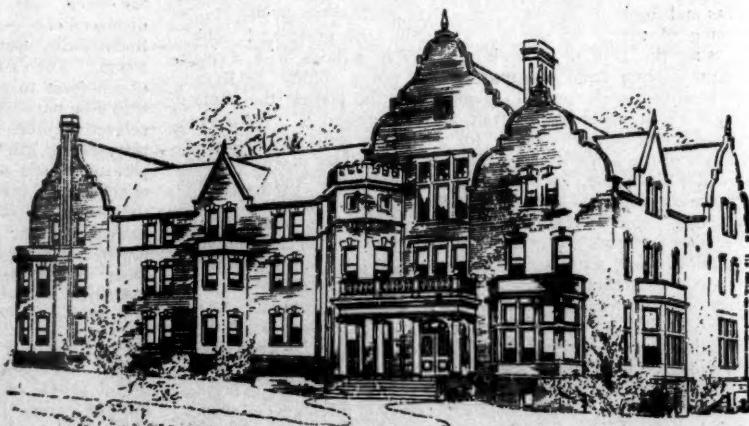
AT THE preparatory piano department of the National Conservatory of Music, to be opened at Lenox Avenue and 122d Street on Oct. 1, the course of instruction will include (besides piano) solfeggio, the theory of music, and harmony. An hour each week will be given to telling stories from the lives of the composers, thus cultivating a musical literary taste in children. It is intended for beginners of all ages. Classes will be formed for children who do not even know their notes. The full course of instruction will be so arranged that school children can attend on two afternoons of the week.

Ex Senator Sawyer of Wisconsin has subscribed \$25,000 of the \$60,000 required to secure a bequest of a like amount in the will of Marshall Harris, formerly of Oshkosh, for a public library in that city.

In his recent report to the Bureau of Education, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, general agent, describes existing conditions in Alaska, where twenty day-schools are maintained by the Interior Department, with twenty-three teachers and 1267 pupils. A public school was opened at Circle City in the Yukon mining district, he says, but the Government authorities fear that it will be necessary to close it because of the general exodus of the city's population to the mining districts.

The will of the late Miss Julia A. Lockwood of Norwalk, Conn., bequeaths \$5000 to Yale University, to establish the Lockwood scholarship.

Dr. D. K. Pearson of Chicago, well known for his many gifts to the cause of education, has presented to Beloit College a new building, Emerson Hall, to be arranged for the accommodation of fifty students. It will be located north of the campus, will cover an area of 55x130 feet, and will be three stories high. Besides the students' quarters it will contain reception and drawing-rooms, a dining room and a gymnasium. The building will cost \$30,000.



EMERSON HALL, BELUIT COLLEGE.

A history of Japan for schools has been much needed since the eastern empire joined the ranks of the "great powers." "The Story of Japan," by R. van Bergen, with a map of the country and of Korea, and other illustrations, is announced by the Ameri-Book Co.

The will of Mrs. Bathsheba A. Benedict, founder of Benedict College, Columbia, S. C., provides for the following public bequests: American Baptist Missionary Union, \$10,000; American Baptist Home Mission Society, \$10,000, the interest only to be used for the support of Benedict College; First Baptist Church of Pawtucket, \$4,000, interest only to be used for the support of preaching; First Baptist Church, Pawtucket, \$1,000, interest only to be used in the support of the poor of the church. After certain bequests to private individuals, the residue of the estate is given to the American Baptist Home Mission Society, to be added to the endowment fund of Benedict College.

The Librarian of Congress has appointed Mr. Thomas H. Clark as Assistant Librarian, assigning him to the law library. Mr. Clark is both a lawyer and a newspaper man.

The bulletin of the New York Public Library for July shows that 698 volumes and 236 pamphlets were bought for the Library, and that 665 volumes and 1,316 pamphlets were received by gift during the month. There were catalogued 1,398 books and 628 pamphlets, for which purpose 13,785 cards were written. At the Astor branch the total number of readers in May was 7,244; in June, 5,962; in July, 5,332; number of volumes consulted in May, 21,022; in June, 19,547, and in July, 17,742; daily average of readers in May, 290; in June, 229; in July, 205. At the Lenox branch the total number of readers in July was 1,140, the number of volumes consulted 2,844, and the daily average of readers 43.

It is reported that Denver, Colo., is to have the "greatest and grandest" university in the world. The plan is to raise at least \$20,000,000 among the rich Presbyterians of this country, as an endowment fund for Westminster University in that city, an institution which was founded early in the nineties, but never opened, the panic of 1893 having made this impossible. The buildings are said, however, to be excellent. Enough money has already been promised to enable the Trustees to engage the Rev. J. Ritchey Smith of Poughkeepsie, as President, at a salary of \$10,000 a year. The salaries of the Faculty are to be most generous, and the best teachers are to be engaged. The plan of the institution will be based on a close study of Harvard, Yale and Chicago universities. Unless a large sum is realized, the university will not be opened at all.

## Notes

THE United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has just published a new map, which is called the "Route Map from Juneau to the Porcupine River, Alaska," scale 1:1800,000—about 29 statute miles to the inch,—taking in the coast line east and west from Sitka, showing Chilkat, Chilkoot and White passes, White Horse and Riok (or Five Finger) Rapids, and the Klondike region.

—Mr. William Andrews of Hull, England, has prepared for early publication "The Church Treasury of History, Custom, Folk-Lore," etc. It will be fully illustrated, and many out-of-the-way subjects will receive attention.

The American Bible Society announces that a large folio Bible in the English language has been specially prepared as a gift to the Emperor of Japan and sent to Yokohama. It will be formally presented at the first fitting opportunity after the Emperor's return to Tokio in the autumn. The gift will be made in the name of the American Bible Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society and the National Bible Society of Scotland, which are jointly concerned in the publication and distribution of the Scriptures in Japan. The preparation of this volume was suggested by the favorable reception, in 1894, by the Dowager Empress of China, of a beautiful Chinese New Testament, given to her in the name of 10,000 Protestant Christian women of China.

## Publications Received

	F. A. Stokes Co Ginn & Co.
Beman, W. W., and D. E. Smith Higher Arithmetic.	
Brown University: An Open Letter Addressed to the Corporation by Members of the Faculty.	
Carmen, Elias Ballads of Lost Haven, &c.	Lamson, Wolfe & Co.
Cotton Mather's Lives of Bradford and Winthrop: Old South Leaflets, No. 77.	Boston, Mass.: Old South Meeting-House.
Clark, J. C. L. Tom Moore in Bermuda: A Bit of Literary Gossip.	Lancaster, Mass.: W. J. Coulter.
Dodge, C. R. A Descriptive Catalogue of Useful Plants of the World.	Washington, D. C.: Gov. Print. Of. Rand, McNally & Co.
Fenn, G. Manville. Cursed by a Fortune.	Chicago, Ill.: A. Flanagan & Co.
Gianville, A. "An Eye for an Eye."	Rand, McNally & Co.
Ingersoll, E. Golden Alaska.	Edward Arnold.
Judson, H. H. British Central Africa. \$10.	Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Judson, H. P. The Young American.	Knoxville, Tenn.: S. B. Newman & Co.
Maxwell, H. V. Chilhowee.	Ginn & Co.
Morley, M. W. Flowers and Their Friends.	American Book Co.
Patterson, C. The American Word Book, &c.	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Peabody, J. P. Old Greek Folk Stories Told Anew. 15c.	Van Beuren, J. F., and G. B. Hooyer. Guide to the Dutch East Indies.
Van Bergen, R. The Story of Japan. 51.	Tr. by B. J. Berrington. London: Isaac & Co.
Williams, R. P. Elements of Chemistry.	American Book Co.
Redway, J. W. Natural Elementary Geography. 60c.	Ginn & Co.
Sergeant, A. The Lady Charlotte.	American Book Co.
Skene, A. J. C. True to Themselves. 90c.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Syms, L. C. Third Year in French. \$1.20.	F. T. Neely. American Book Co.

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